Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands,
War. I, then twas my turne to flye, but now t'is thine.
Clif. you ſaid as much before, and yet you fled.
War. Twas not your valour Clifford droue me thence.
Nor. No, nor your manhood *Warwick*, ỳ could make yee ſtay.
Rich. Northumberland, Northumberland, we hold
Thee reuerently.
Breake off the parley, for ſcarce I can refraine
The execution of my big ſwolne heart,
Againſt that Clifford there, that cruell child-killer.
Clif. Why I kild thy Father, calſt thou him a childe?
Rich. I like a villaine, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didſt kill our tender brother Rutland,
But ere Sun-ſet Ile make thee curſſe the deed.
King. Haue done with words great Lords,
And heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Defie them then, or elſe hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prethee giue no limits to my tongue,
I being a King, am priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Lord, the wound that bred this meeting heere,
Cannot be cur'd with words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then executioner vnſheath thy ſword,
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd
That *Cliffords* man-hood hangs vpon his tongue.
Edw. What ſayſt thou Henry, ſhall I haue my right or no?
A thouſand men haue broke their faſt to day,
That nere ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their bloods be on thy head.
For *Yorke* in iuſtice, puts his Armour on.
Prin. If all be right that *Warwicke* ſayes is right,
There is no wrong, but all things muſt be right.
Rich. Whoſoeuer got thee, there thy mother ſtands,
For well I wot thou haſt thy mothers tongue.
Queen. But thou art neither like thy Sire nor Dam,
But like a fowle-miſhapen ſtigmaticke,
Markt by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venom'd Todes, or Lizards fainting lookes.

Rich.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with engliſh gilt,
Thy father beares the title of a King,
As if a channell ſhould be cald the ſea;
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing from whence thou art de
To parlie thus with Englands lawfull heyres?
Edw. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand cr
To make that ſhameleſſe callet know her ſelfe,
Thy husbands father reueld in the hart of France,
And tam'de the French, and made the Dolphin ſtoop
And had he matcht according to his ſtate,
He might haue kept that glory till this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'ſt thy poore ſire with his bridall day:
Then that ſun-ſhine bred a ſhowre for him,
Which waſht his fathers fortunes out of France,
And heapt ſeditions on his crowne at home.
For what hath mou'd theſe tumults, but thy pride?
Hadſt thou bene meeke, our title yet had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the gentle King,
Had ſlipt our claime vntill another age.
George. But when we ſaw our ſummer brought the
And that the harueſt brought vs no increaſe,
We ſet the axe to thy vſurping roote,
And though the edge haue ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou we will neuer ceaſe to ſtrike,
Till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing with our heated blouds.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Nor willing any longer conference,
Since thou denieſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound trumpets, let our bloudy colours waue,
And either victory, or elſe a graue.
Queene. Stay *Edward*, ſtay.
Edw. Hence wrangling woman, Ile no longer ſtay,
Thy words will coſt ten thouſand liues to day.

Exeu